

## Iron County Register

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### CARE OF THE HEALTH.

**KEEP THE BODY ERECT.**—An erect bodily attitude is of vastly more importance to health than people generally imagine. Crooked bodily positions, maintained for any length of time, are always injurious, whether in the sitting, standing or lying posture, whether sleeping or walking. To sit with the body leaning forward on the stomach, or to one side, with the heels elevated on a level with the head, is not only in bad taste, but exceedingly detrimental to health. It cramps the stomach, presses the vital organs, interrupts the free motions of the chest, and enfeebls the functions of the abdominal and thoracic organs, and, in fact, unbalances the whole muscular system. Many children become slightly humpbacked, or severely round-shouldered, by sleeping with the head raised on a high pillow. When any person finds it easier to sit, or stand, or walk, or sleep in a crooked position than a straight one, such person may be sure his muscular system is badly deranged, and the more careful he is to preserve a straight or upright position, and get back to nature again, the better.—*Exchange.*

**KEEPING WARM IN WINTER.**—The matter of keeping warm and comfortable is one of some considerable importance to farmers' families at this season of the year, but is often attended to in a careless and negligent manner. Men, women and children should be provided with clothing sufficient to prevent any inconvenience from inclement weather. Children, especially should always be provided with comfortable underclothing, good strong shoes, rubbers or overshoes, and leggings. These should never be worn in the house, and should never be neglected in going out doors. Children, especially school children, are too apt to play to excess and thus become heated, and, as a consequence, they take cold easily. This should be guarded against, if possible. Children should be early taught the practice of using cold water for washing. The constant use of warm water in washing has the effect of making one easily affected by cold weather. The hands, face and neck should be frequently bathed in cold water, and rubbed dry with a coarse towel. A person who has been out driving or engaged in out-of-door employment until the face and hands are, perhaps, benumbed with cold, is too apt to seek relief over some hot-air register, or near some hot coal stove; the effect is injurious, and, besides, relief can be obtained much more speedily by a cold water bath. I have tried it, and know that any chill or numbness can be removed much more promptly by cold water, than in any other manner. In case of dangerous chill or numbness, this becomes a fact worth knowing. A thorough bath should be taken at least once or twice per week, in water with the chill taken off.—*Country Gentleman.*

**SUGAR AND STARCH.**—There is no country in the world where these two elements enter so largely into the daily food of the majority of the people as America, and therefore none where they are so mischievous. Prosperity here has made those things habitual which in other countries are accidental, and given us as daily articles of diet what was heretofore scarcely known except as a luxury by the rich, or an occasional treat by the poor. The time was when wheat, pounded whole in a mortar, or between stones, and baked into bread, was the chief article of diet, almost the only one of the masses of the people, and it was a very excellent, healthful, and sufficient one. It contained all the elements necessary to repair the waste of the human system. But now bread is hardly a part of a sumptuous meal. It is relegated to the side-board, and meat provided for every meal takes its place. Bread, indeed, has been so emasculated that it no longer has its old virtue; even a dog will starve upon it. So we add to our starchy starvation white bread, meat; to the meat, sauces and pickles; to the sauces, condiments, relishes, and vegetables; to the vegetables, sweets, and to wash down the whole, hot and stimulating drinks are demanded instead of the primitive milk or water. There is no limit to this unnatural and unnecessary stimulus given to the appetite, or to the cravings which it excites. Appetites are transmitted just the same as every thing else, so that there is no end to the mischief done, after the mischief has been once begun. For we go on perpetually adding to it; appetite itself becomes jaded and satiated, and must receive new excitement from high seasonings and condiments, from concentrated foods and combinations of flavor. Thus the internal organism is taxed beyond its strength or powers of endurance, and after a while gives way, until we have become famous as a nation of dyspeptics, until we have been charged with the doubtful honor of creating half a dozen new diseases of the stomach and nerves, which depend so largely upon the healthy action of the stomach; and finally, until children no longer relish simple food, or simple flavors; but, before they have acquired

a knowledge of what is necessary to healthful habits and the enjoyment of life, have acquired tastes so pernicious, that if parents only realized their hurtful tendency, they would dread them as they would evil meral associations. One, in fact, has much more to do with the other than is imagined. The excessive use of meat, the fever created by the constant absorption into the system of so much nitrogenous and heat-producing material, first allayed by the plentiful use of tea and coffee, after a time demands other stimulating liquids, and not only exhausts and enfeebls the vital forces, but lays the foundation for much of that appetite for strong drinks which is one of the curses of our civilization.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

### Victor Hugo and the Barber.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, in an article on Victor Hugo in *Scribner's Monthly*, tells the following anecdote of the French poet: In the year 1848 Victor Hugo lived in the Palace Royale, and was in the habit of patronizing a barber named Brassier, who had his shop in the vicinity. One morning a gentleman, whom for convenience sake I shall name H—, entered the barber's shop, seated himself in a chair, and elevated his chin to the proper angle, while Brassier stood sharpening his razor.

"Well, Brassier, how is business?" "Excellent, sir, excellent! I should say it is even too good, for I don't see how I and my boys are to get through with all the engagements which we have to-day. Balls and parties everywhere! We have to dress the hair for no less than thirty ladies for to-night. Look, here is the list of their addresses."

A few days later Mr. H— was again seated in Brassier's chair.

"How about your thirty ladies, Brassier?"

"Don't speak of it, sir. I didn't get round to more than half of them. And in the end I shall lose a dozen or more good customers, and it is all the fault of M. Victor Hugo."

"How the fault of M. Victor Hugo? What has he to do with your clients?"

"It is just as I say, sir, and you will easily comprehend it. A few moments after you left, M. Victor Hugo entered and seated himself in this very chair. I put the napkin around his neck, seized a shaving-brush, and was about to approach him, when he cried: 'Wait.' He pulled a pencil from his pocket, and began to fumble impatiently in his coat-tails and in his breast-pocket without finding what he sought. At last he discovered a piece of paper on that stand, seized it, and began to write. Although I was hard-pressed for time, I waited until he should have finished. But he why he paid no more attention than if I had never existed, but scribbled away, and only stopped occasionally to bite his pencil. 'Well, go on, scribble away,' I said to myself. 'If you can read it yourself you are lucky.' Such terrible scrawl! And people call him a fine writer! 'If you are at liberty, sir?' I said. 'One moment and I shall have done,' he answered. But the moment passed, and I was still standing there with my soap-dish in my hand, and my brush full of lather, and fuming with impatience. He still kept on as before, scribbling away, stopping, and raising his eyes to the ceiling. 'Pardon me, sir,' I ventured to say, 'I am very much pressed—'

### THE BATTLE OF PLUM CREEK.

A Texas Reminiscence of the Famous Fight.

The *Brazos Valley Guide*, published at Thorpe Springs, Hood County, tells the following story, probably from the reminiscences of President Clark of Ad-Ran College, who was a resident of Austin about the time named, and probably participated in the battle of Plum Creek: "Saligny was the Minister Plenipotentiary from the Court of France to the Republic of Texas in 1840. He resided at Austin, then the Capital of the Republic. The Comanches, with a large number of warriors, made a descent into the settlements, committing depredations from the northern frontier to Lynnville, on the Lavaca Bay. After totally destroying the town of Lynnville, and taking some prisoners (most of the inhabitants escaped by going out upon the bay in boats), the Indians returned north. Gen. Felix Houston, who was at Austin, hearing of the route taken by the Indians, hastily gathered a volunteer force, and, striking out west from Austin, intercepted them. The battle of Plum Creek was the result. It was truly novel to see how these Indians were rigged out with the dry goods of which they had robbed the stores of Lynnville. One Indian would be found wearing the legs of a new pair of pants, fastened up like buckskin leggings. Another would have the upper part of the pants fastened about his waist and hanging down loose. Bolts of fine silk were used as saddle-blankets. Ribbons and laces were fastened to their horses' ears and tails, and streamed out at great length. The soles of boots were cut off, and the legs and upper part of the foot worn. In short, almost every thing was worn in a new style. Gen. Houston gave the Comanches a sound drubbing, recovering all the prisoners. These the Indians tried to kill when they found the forces too strong for them; but General Houston's attack was so sudden and overpowering that the Indians thought best to use their chief exertion in getting out of the way. One lady prisoner, a very nice and intelligent woman, received a flesh wound in the shoulder from an Indian arrow. Gen. Houston captured a large number of horses which the Indians were carrying off from the settlements; killed several Indians and took some prisoners; among them was a boy about 12 years old. When Houston arrived in Austin with his prisoners, he gave the Indian boy to M. Saligny, the French Minister. The Frenchman was very proud of his Indian boy. He dressed him up in flashing livery, and kept him about him as a favorite pet. In the course of a week or 10 days the Frenchman's Indian was gone. He had doffed his shining livery and left for parts unknown. At this time the Tancuwas and Lipans, two friendly tribes of Indians, were staying in the vicinity of Austin. Three or four days after the disappearance of Coligny's pet one of the Tancuwas brought him in, having captured him a long distance northwest from Austin. The French Minister again dressed up his Indian, and, notwithstanding every body cautioned him that if he gave the boy a chance he would go again, he gave him no other confinement than to keep him with him during the day, requiring him to sleep in the Frenchman's own bed-room at night. Thus he kept his Indian for a week or two longer. On waking up one morning he found his pet Comanche missing, and, on going to the stable, where he kept a very fine horse, he found him missing, too. Saligny never heard of his horse or his Indian again. He swore some big French swears around about Austin for several days before he quieted down sufficiently to attend to his ordinary business. A wild Indian or a wolf is hard to tame. Wildness is born in them."

### The Tragedy of the Gate.

"Evelyn, darling," he murmured; and the old gate scarcely creaked as it swung to and fro beneath her light weight, and the silent stars looked down with tender glances, and all South Hill seemed to hold its breath to listen. "Evelyn, sweet," he said; and the radiant blushes that kindle over the pearly brow and cheeks, softened the silent love-light in her lustrous eyes. "Evelyn, my own, if every glittering star that beams above; if every passing breeze that stops to kiss thy glowing cheeks; if every rustling leaf that whispers to the night, were living, burning loving thoughts; if every—Oh-h-ho-ho! Ow-w! Wow-ow! Aw-oh, oh, oh! Oh, glory! Oh, murder! murder! murder! Oh, dad rang the swizzled old gate to the bow-wows!" And she said, stilly, that no gentleman who could use such language in the presence of a lady was an acquaintance of hers and she went into the house. And he pushed the gate open and went down the street sucking the injured member, and declaring that, however lightly 105 pounds of girl might sit on the heart of a man, it was a little too much pressure when applied to an impromptu thumb-screw. And the match is drawn and bets are declared off.—*Old City Derrick.*

An Indian maiden has been driven out by her tribe, in Oregon, because she married a Chinaman. A San Francisco Chinaman has lost the respect of his countrymen by marrying a negro woman. A Virginia mob whipped a negro for marrying a white woman.

### FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

#### MISS TOMBOY.

Princess of pretty pets;  
Tomboy to trousseauettes;  
Eyes are like violets—  
Gleefully dancing!  
Skin, like an otter sleek,  
Nose, like a baby-grin,  
Sweet little dimple cheeks—  
Merrily dancing!

Lark-like her song it trills;  
Over the dale and hills,  
Hark how her laughter thrills,  
Joyously joking,  
Rolling in daffodils,  
Wading in mountain rills,  
Headless of snowy trails,  
Creasing and soaking.

Often she stands on chairs,  
Sometimes she unawares  
Slyly creeps up the stairs,  
Secretly hiding;  
Then will this merry maid—  
She is of nought afraid—  
Come down the balustrade,  
Saucily sliding!

Books she abominates,  
But see her go on skates,  
And over five-barred gates  
Fearlessly scramble!  
Climbing up apple trees,  
Barking her supple knees,  
Flouting mamma's decrees—  
Out for a ramble.

Now she is good as gold,  
Then she is pert and bold,  
Minds not what she is told,  
Carelessly tripping;  
She is an April miss,  
Bounding to grief from bliss,  
Often she has a kiss—  
Sometimes a whipping!

Naughty but best of girls,  
Through life she gaily twirls,  
Shaking her sunny curls—  
Laughing at folly.  
Every one on her dotes,  
Caroling heavy notes,  
Pet in short petticoats,  
This is Miss Dolly.

—London Judy.

#### BLODGET'S ORDERS.

Grand Auntie von Tiezle had ordered the great family coach and partaken of luncheon, and, at one by the clock, sat wrapped in her tippets and flappings, for her grand nieces, the darlings, the treasures, had put their pretty heads together, and for what? Why, that the great family coach, with Vixen and Spanker, should be ordered to take them a ride.

What a tour they would make! Since Grand Auntie von Tiezle came in possession of the great coach, no such marvelous route had been projected. In fact, why should it have been? Were not Spanker and Vixen creatures of blood and mettle? Was not the coach a marvel of beauty and polish? Was not Grand Auntie von Tiezle herself given to cramps and stitches, and were any of the three to be trifled with?

But it was plain there was a new leaf to be turned with the coming in of the new year. Nothing was surer than that Grand Auntie von Tiezle had ordered the coach for one o'clock, and that Bradley, the butler, had been given to understand that nobody need be expected until the clock struck five—and who could tell what to make of it?

Grand Auntie von Tiezle and her nieces were cushioned in the great coach. Each heart was in a flutter; each tongue was all a-clatter; each horse was at a scamper, and the wheels flew round.

Grand Auntie von Tiezle was not certain about the time it would take to reach Crimpton; it was usually considered a drive of an hour; every body thought an hour was not long, and began glancing to the right and to the left, to the left and to the right, to note the progress on the road. Every body glanced carelessly, then more carefully, then leaned forward in astonishment. Every body turned to look at every body, for the coach, at that moment, was dashing past Grand Auntie von Tiezle's own mansion, which they had left with Bradley and the maid servants, and had believed to be a mile away!

"It is strange! It is odd! It is past understanding!" chimed three young voices.

"Quite remarkable," said Grand Auntie von Tiezle, lying back in the flying coach; and they whisked around a corner, and, in a trifle of time were again dashing past Grand Auntie von Tiezle's own mansion!

Astonishment sat on every face.

"What can be the matter? What can the driver be doing? What can he be dreaming of?"

Impatience mingled with dismay as the horses flew along, dust blew up, and the sashes were at a clatter, and Blodget sat, tall and serene, driving Spanker and Vixen on apace.

Would Grand Auntie von Tiezle ever speak to him? Would she ever ask him? Would she ever do any thing but say: "It is rather odd!"

"It is vexatious! It is outrageous!" Grand Auntie von Tiezle looked in perfect dismay as she heard the exclamations from her nieces.

"You are on your way to Crimpton, are you not, my dears? It seems you are in need of patience."

"In need of patience? On the way to Crimpton? Why, Auntie von Tiezle, we are this minute but passing, for the fortieth time, the house from which we started."

"Ah!" said Auntie von Tiezle, looking provokingly through her glasses.

"Possibly you are right, my dears. Blodget has his orders; he understands the lines—"

"But the road, Auntie dear, the road!"

"The road? Ah, yes, it is all correct; it is some miles to Crimpton; I told Blodget to drive as fast as he dared."

"But he has not started; he is yet at your door!"

"Yes! Well, he will turn the corner in a moment. You see, the roads are poor a mile beyond, and I told Blodget to drive the proper number of miles around the block, for I wanted him to get to Crimpton by a smooth and easy way."

Nobody could speak. Astonishment was giving way to fear. Had Auntie von Tiezle and the driver on the box gone mad? But she continued, quite sanely: "It is foolish, you know, my dears, to do things by hard ways; it is silly to drive over rough roads when you can fly over smooth ones."

"We have lost our New Year's frolic! We have lost our ride to Crimpton!" cried the voices.

"Silly dears! We are riding right along."

"But the road; there is a right road; there is only one way that leads to Crimpton!"

"There is only one way? Ah! How? The real road, the right road! Then we must take the right road, must we? Then it will not do to go by easy ways, smooth ways, our own ways?"

"Oh, you wicked, teasing Auntie!" chimed the voices. "You mean to show us —"

"That if you mean to do any thing this year you must not think about it, talk about it—"

"We see it all now—we understand it all now."

"Do you want to acquire knowledge? Then do not talk of books and sigh over the covers, and glance at the first page and the last page, and hope to get over the difficulties simply by riding around the block. Great men have found it hard to tug over! Choose where you wish to go this year, and get on the road. Do you want to learn to be patient, gentle, Christlike? make haste and get on the road—not some easy, smooth, round-the-block road, but the real right road; beware this year of riding round the block when you want to get to Crimpton."

Then every body understood all about it, and Auntie von Tiezle was not mad, and the girls protested that they would not ride around the block this year, but get on roads that led somewhere. Then Blodget had new orders, and the wheels flew around and the dust blew about, and on before went Spanker and Vixen, and every body knew of course that they were at last on the right road to Crimpton, and what's more they got there!—*George Kingle, in St. Nicholas for January.*

### A Farmer who Lived Nearly Twelve Years Without Sleep.

MARLBOROUGH, N. Y., January 31.—Thomas McElrath has for a number of years lived about a mile west of this village. He is a farmer in fair circumstances, as also a cultivator of berries. The strange peculiarity of McElrath is, that for nearly 12 years he has not slept a wink. He tried every thing to woo the drowsy god, but all to no purpose. Medicines of various kinds were unavailing, and the sleepless berry-grower of Marlborough was the wonder for miles around. A few years ago an account of this remarkable case was published, and was copied by newspapers throughout the land. McElrath at that time offered a large sum of money to any person who would make him sleep. He received offers and advice through the mails from patent medicine venders and leading physicians throughout the United States and Canada. One San Francisco man was positive he could "fix him," but he didn't. The long, weary nights passed on, month after month, but McElrath slept not. Some persons insinuated that he slumbered and was not aware of the fact. His family and neighbors sat up night after night and watched, but "not a wink of sleep did Thomas have."

The fact that McElrath remained in good health, and gained instead of lost flesh, and continued to work hard daily throughout the summer season, was something that philosophers and physicians alike could not explain. McElrath was indeed a phenomenon, and his case without a parallel. He was positive that he did not sleep, and invited investigation. But his hours of wakefulness came to an ending on Friday night of last week, when, for the first time in over eleven years, he slept one long, delicious sleep, and awoke on the following morning refreshed and happy. Words were inadequate to express his feelings both of surprise and pleasure. Since then he has slept naturally every night, and to all present appearances he will not lack for the necessary sleep hereafter. McElrath was born in the north of Ireland. He is a rigid Presbyterian, and for many years an attendant of the Marlborough Presbyterian Church. —*New York Sun.*

THE *Tokio Times* thus describes a December festival on the grounds of the Emperor's palace: "Many ladies were present, Japanese and foreign—the former, it was pleasant to note, as completely at their ease and as keen for enjoyment as if participating in a Thames picnic—as several of them had, doubtless, done. Some, indeed, were actually unattended by their husbands, and yet the earth did not heave with indignation nor Fujiyama roar in eruptive protest. The sun shone and the trees nodded approvingly in the light breeze, just as if no social marvel were manifesting itself in that antique stronghold of tradition and immovable routine."

### As Good as a Novel.

About the middle of September, 1876, says the *Detroit Free Press*, when almost endless trains of cars, freighted with expectant and fatigued excursionists, were trailing their way from the West over the mountains to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, two sections of an excursion train from this city stopped at Elmira, and the brakemen announced "thirty minutes for dinner."

The people on the trains had left Detroit too early for supper, which they did not get at St. Thomas because they were too late. At East Buffalo they could get nothing to eat because they were there at 3 o'clock in the morning, and the result was that when Elmira was reached most of the passengers had been about 18 hours without food. Consequently when the sections of the train drew into Elmira, one behind the other, there was an exciting stampede toward restaurants and dining rooms, and in that stampede began a romance in real life, which was brought to mind yesterday by a visit to this city of the chief participants.

Among the passengers on the first section of the train were Robert Bean, his wife and daughter Nellie, at that time 17 years of age. On the second section of the train was a young man named Perry Wright. After getting his lunch Wright returned to his train and soon after had his attention attracted to a girl, who was running distractedly about the depot platform and anxiously inspecting the trains, parts of trains and single cars, yet lacking confidence to speak to any one or ask any questions.

Accordingly Wright left his car and going to the girl found that she went to a dining-room with her parents when she became separated from them, and brief search by Wright showed that Mr. Bean and his wife missing their daughter supposed she had returned to their train and went aboard. That she had been left behind was not discovered until they were well out of Elmira, and although telegrams were sent back from various stations south of Elmira they could not get a trace of her whereabouts. Upon arriving at Mauch Chunk, Mr. Bean and his wife stopped to wait the coming of the second section of the train upon which they supposed they would find their daughter.

Meanwhile Wright, who was ten or twelve years the senior of the girl, took her under his protection expecting to overtake the parents at Philadelphia if not before. They passed Mauch Chunk and for some reason did not see the parents and upon arriving at Philadelphia of course could not find them, as they were at Mauch Chunk. It was not until they had been at Philadelphia two days that Miss Bean was rejoined by her parents who were profuse in their thanks to Mr. Wright, even going so far as to invite him to visit them at Grand Rapids, if his business—Wright was then traveling out of the city as a commercial agent—should ever call him to that city.

An acquaintance thus began ripened into something more earnest until, in the fall of 1877, the frequent visits Wright made to Grand Rapids caused an inquiry which resulted in the knowledge that the girl had fallen in love with the man and had agreed to be his wife. Then came a reaction, Mr. and Mrs. Bean opposed the match because their daughter was too young. Wright said he would bargain not to marry her until she became 21 years old and then the parents objected because of the disparity in their ages. Still the girl remained constant and Wright insisted that he would never give her up. Finally Mr. and Mrs. Bean, in order to break off the match, moved to Quincy, Ill., and have remained there in fancied security ever since.

Wright heard from his sweetheart, however, with reasonable regularity, and about a year ago moved to St. Louis, Mo., where he had secured an engagement as traveling salesman. Being nearer to his affianced wife and Quincy being on his route he was able occasionally to see her. The reward of all this constancy came last week, when Wright passed through Quincy, was joined by his betrothed and at Chicago they were wedded last Thursday. Their visit to this city is but a part of a wedding journey which they intend shall include a visit to Elmira, the scene of their first meeting.

**ONION SOUP.**—Peel four medium-sized onions and put them to cook in cold water; let parboil for ten minutes then drain the water off and when cool, slice and put them into two quarts of cold water. Cook until the onions are soft enough to rub through the colander, when there should be about three pints of soup. Return this to the fire in a clean saucepan and add four boiled potatoes rubbed through the colander and mixed with a pint of rich milk and a large tablespoonful of butter. Season to taste with salt and white pepper and put in a tablespoonful of chopped parsley five minutes before serving. Fry some tiny diamonds of stale bread, drain them and have ready in the tureen, then pour the soup over them and serve, always remembering that soup can not be comfortably eaten when boiling hot. Use less water and more milk if you choose, and have the soup when done about like thick cream.

A SCHOOL-TEACHER in Dalton, O., broke a pupil's leg by violently pulling him out of his seat.